

INSIDE: "AT NIGHT STALKS THE SPECTRE!"

# SMASH!

No. 150

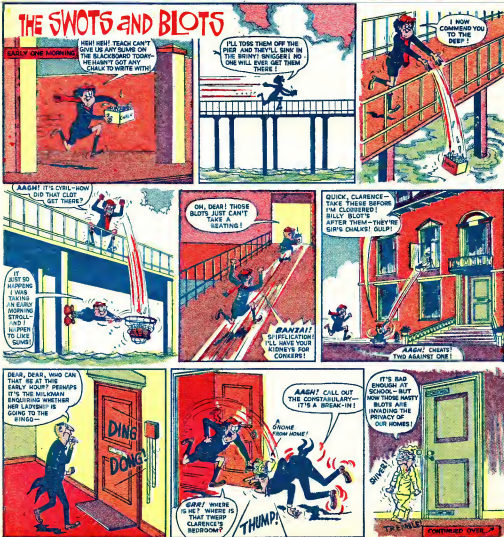
14th DEC. 1968  
EVERY MONDAY

7d

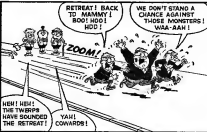
INCORPORATING **FANTASTIC**

AUSTRALIA 18c. EAST AFRICA 1.50c. WEST AFRICA 18c.  
SOUTH AFRICA 18c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (18c.)

## THE SWOTS AND BLOTS



CONTINUED FROM COVER.



# KING OF THE RING

IN THE TOUGH FRENCH SEAPORT OF MARSEILLES, WRESTLER KEN KING AND HIS MANAGER PAL, BLARNEY STONE, LOSE ALL THEIR MONEY WHEN A PICKPOCKET LIFTS THE WALLET FROM BLARNEY'S POCKET. BELIEVING HE MUST HAVE DROPPED THE WALLET, BLARNEY FRANTICALLY SEARCHES THE STREETS... WHILE IN A NEARBY WRESTLING HALL, KEN, TO EARN MONEY THEY NEED TO PAY THEIR BILLS, HAS AGREED TO TAKE ON THREE TOUGH MATMEN... ONE AFTER THE OTHER...



AT THAT MOMENT, KEN IS STARTING HIS SECOND FIGHT ...



INSTANTLY, KEN SEIZES HIS OPPORTUNITY ...



STILL RETAINING HIS NUMBING GRIP, KEN HOLLS BACKWARDS, AND ...



THE CHEERS FOR KEN'S VICTORY REACH BLARNEY'S EARS ...



BLARNEY RUSHES TO THE RINGSIDE ...

KEEP GOING, KID - AND I'LL KEEP LOOKING FOR THE WALLET!

AND NOW ... KEN KING WILL FIGHT ANOTHER INVINCIBLE TERROR OF THE RING ...

AS BLARNEY TURNS TO RUSH BACK OUTSIDE ...

BLARNEY! TRY THE POLICE! SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE HANDED IT IN!

IT IS HE! THE ENGLISHMAN WHOSE WALLET I TOOK! AND HE IS A FRIEND OF THE GREAT KEN KING!

THEN KEN'S OPPONENT MAKES HIS DRAMATIC APPEARANCE ...

... I GIVE YOU THE EEL!

GOOD GRIEF! IS HE A FIGHTER ... OR A PISH?

KEN SOON DISCOVERS THE EEL IS A SLIPPERY CUSTOMER! ...

I ... I CAN'T GET A GRIP ON HIM! THAT SUIT OF HIS MUST BE COVERED IN OIL!

WUHHH!

THAT'S THE EEL'S SPECIALITY - A ROCK HARD HEAD-BUTT!

THEN KEN TRIES FOR A HOLD ...

AHHHH! - THAT WAS A SHOCK!!

YES - THIS EEL IS AN ELECTRIC EEL!

OUTSIDE THE HALL ...

HERE, MY FRIEND - I THINK THIS IS WHAT YOU SEEK! ALL THE MONEY IS THERE ... EXCEPT FOR THE TRIFLE I USED TO SEE YOUR FRIEND WRESTLE.

THE WALLET!

I SHOULD NOT HAVE STOLEN IT! BUT THEN I DID NOT KNOW YOU WERE A FRIEND OF THE GREAT KEN KING!

YOU PICKED MY POCKET! WELL, DON'T TELL MY PARTNER - HE'S GOING THROUGH ENOUGH AS IT IS!

BACK IN THE RING ...

HE'S GOT ELECTRIC WIRING IN THAT SUIT ... BUT THE SOLES OF MY RING BOOTS ARE RUBBER!

GGGAHHH!

BY THE TIME BLARNEY RETURNS TO THE HALL ...

AND HIS CHIN ISN'T WIRED UP!

WUHHH!

THAT'S IT FOR SURE! THE OLD EEL NEVER COULD TAKE A FORE-ARM SMASH!

AND SO ...

WE DID IT, KID!  
THREE OF 'EM - ONE  
AFTER THE OTHER!

WE? ALL YOU  
DID WAS LOSE OUR  
WALLET ... AND TALK  
ME INTO THE ROUGHEST  
EVENING I'VE EVER  
HAD!

AS KEN RESTS WEARILY AGAINST A WALL ...

DON'T BE  
UNGRATEFUL! BECAUSE  
OF ME, WE'VE GOT ALL THE  
MONEY IN OUR WALLET, PLUS  
A HUNDRED AND FIFTY FRANCES  
FOR TONIGHT'S WORK!



... AND ON TOP OF THAT, THINK  
OF ALL THE EXPERIENCE YOU'VE  
PICKED UP IN THE RING TONIGHT...  
KID, SOMETIMES I WONDER IF YOU  
REALISE WHAT A GREAT  
MANAGER YOU'VE GOT!



BLARNEY, OLD / AL, YOU'VE  
ALMOST CONVINCED ME THAT  
YOU DELIBERATELY LOST OUR  
WALLET SO I COULD TAKE ON  
THOSE THREE GRIP-AND-  
GRAPPLERS!

IT'S HIM... KEN  
KING AND THAT PAL  
OF HIS / OKAY, BOSS  
- LEAVE 'EM TO  
ME!

WHO IS THIS MYSTERIOUS  
STRANGER? WE'RE NOT  
TELLING! BUT HE CATAPULTS  
KEN AND BLARNEY INTO A  
THRILLING NEW ACTION-  
ADVENTURE---NEXT WEEK!

**HURRY! EVERYONE'S RUSHING  
TO GET THESE TOP-FAVOURITE  
ANNUALS .....**

New this year!  
**Football Star Parade**  
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**Eagle Annual**  
1969 12s 6d



**Boys' World Annual**  
1969 12s 6d



**Fantastic Annual**  
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**HG** Odhams Books

# BRIAN'S BRAIN

BRIAN ADVISESLEY, HIS FRIEND DUFFY ROLLS, AND THEIR PET CHIMP, SCAMP, MAKE FOR AN ARMY HELICOPTER WHEN COMMANDO GORILLAS CHASE THEM. BUT BRIAN HAS TAKEN THE AMAZING ARTIFICIAL BRAIN FROM THE BOX HE ALWAYS CARRIES WITH HIM...





NEXT MOMENT BRIAN  
FOLLOWS HIS FRIENDS  
INTO THE ICEY SEA.

THE SHOCK'S  
REVIVED THE BRAIN—IT'S  
GLOWING  
AGAIN!



SOON THEY ARE WADING.

IT'S LOW TIDE,  
BRIAN—BUT THIS  
WHICH WILL BE  
UNDER THE  
RISING WATER  
IN AN HOUR!

HAVE NO FEARS!  
PULL THE RIP-  
CORD ON THAT  
BALE IN FRONT  
OF YOU!



BRIAN DOES AS THE BRAIN INSTRUCTS.

IT'S AN AIR-SEA  
RESCUE DRESS!  
IT'S INFLATING!

WE'RE SAVED!  
I'VE EVEN FOUND  
THE BOX YOU CARRY  
THE BRAIN IN,  
BRIAN!



FIVE MINUTES LATER...

THERE'S EVERYTHING  
WE NEED! PADDLES,  
A MAP, COMPASS,  
EVEN SIGNAL FLARES!

PADDLE  
NORTH-NORTH-  
WEST!



PUTTING THE BRAIN  
INTO IT'S BOX,  
BRIAN FOLLOWS  
DUFFY.



THE  
BRAIN WAS  
RIGHT! THERE'S  
VARCO!

AND HE'S GOT  
PRISONERS—



BRIAN STUDIES THE  
WATER-PROOF MAP.

BUT NORTH-  
NORTH-WEST  
WILL TAKE US FURTHER  
OUT TO SEA, BRIAN!

IT WILL  
LEAD YOU TO  
A LONELY ISLAND  
—THE ONLY POSSIBLE  
PLACE NEAR ENOUGH  
TO THE COAST FOR VARCO,  
YOUR ENEMY, TO USE AS  
A SECRET HEADQUARTERS!



I'M ALL FOR HEADING THE  
OTHER WAY! SCAMP  
THINKS SO, TOO.

BUT THERE'S THE  
ISLAND! WE CAN'T BACK  
OUT NOW, AND REMEMBER,  
VARCO MUST HAVE  
KIDNAPPED YOUR  
UNCLE DUFFY!



EEK!  
EEK!

SCAMP'S  
WARNING US  
OF DANGER,  
BRIAN!



ONE OF THOSE PRISONERS  
IS YOUR UNCLE BEAT,  
DUFFY!

ANOTHER IS  
COLONEL BELOUSE,  
THE ZOO OWNER! VARCO  
MUST HAVE BROUGHT  
THEM IN THAT MOTOR-  
BOAT!



SOMEHOW WE'VE  
GOT TO RESCUE THEM  
FROM VARCO AND  
HIS ANIMAL  
COMMANDOS!

CAN BRIAN AND DUFFY  
RESCUE VARCO'S  
PRISONERS? SEE  
NEXT WEEK'S THRILLING  
INSTALLMENT!







# The FANTASTIC FOUR!



Page 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 © Marvel Comics Group 1967

## MEMORY CORNER:

SUE AND JOHNNY HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BY THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR, WHO THEN LURE BEN AND REED TO FOLLOW THEM TO A LONELY ISLAND ON WHICH THEY HAVE PLANTED A NUCLEAR TIME BOMB... AND NOW TO ENSURE THAT OUR HEROES CANNOT ESCAPE, THEY SHOOT AWAY THE TAIL OF THE CRAFT ON WHICH THEY HAVE ARRIVED...



I WON'T EVEN NEED A SECOND SHOT! MY FIRST BLADE SLICED THROUGH THEIR TAIL SECTION LIKE A KNIFE THROUGH BUTTER!

IT IS TIME FOR US TO TRY OUR BEST TO RELEASE THE TONIC!



LOOK! THEY'RE FUSING! SOMEONE CUTTA THEIR SHIP! HEY... IT LOOKS LIKE JUNKIE!

SUE! WHERE'S SUE? SHE MUST STILL BE THERE! PRISONER!

THAT'S IT! NOW THEY'RE ALL GOOD HERE, AND WE CAN TAKE OFF!



WE CAN'T LET THEM ESCAPE TILL WE HAVE SUE! LET'S GO, BEN!

I HEAR YA TALKIN' BRACK YERSELF, PAL!



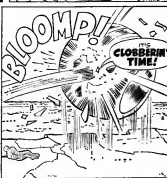
CRUMMP!



GERONIMO!

THWANG!

DON'T MISS, BEN! DON'T MISS!



BLOOMP!

IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME!



NOW WHAT DO WE DO? WE'RE TRAPPED IN THIS INFERNO HELL TOO!

IT'S JUST A TEMPORARY SET-BACK! OUR SHIP IS UN-DAMAGED! WE'LL ESCAPE WHEN YET!

COME BACK IN FIGHT! YA CLOBBERIN' YA PULVERIZE YA!



AND AS THE RECENTRAL FOUR FLEE FROM THE AWESOME WRATH OF THE DAWGGRING THING, REED SEIZES HIS OPPORTUNITY TO FREE HIS TEN-AGED PARTNER...

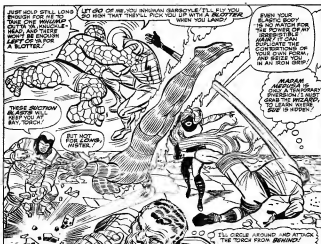
SURE, JOHNNY! SOON AS I HAVE UN-UNITED, WE'LL FIND SUE!



THERE! NOW LET'S GET BOWIN'...

FLAME ON!

THIS TIME, NOTHING'LL STOP ME!



JUST HOLD STILL LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO TAKE ONE WHOLE LOTTA MACHUK-HEAD, AND THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH LEFT OF YOU FOR A SLUTTER.

LET GO OF ME YOU SHAMBARVILE! KLY, YOU DO NOT WANT THEM! THEY'LL PICK YOU UP WITH A SLUTTER WHEN YOU LAND!

EVEN YOUR ELASTIC BODY IS NO MATCH FOR THE POWER OF MY GROSS-TESTING MIGHT! IF I CAN DUPLICATE THE CONFECTION OF YOUR OWN FORM, I'LL LEASH YOU IN AN ROH BRN!

MADAM MEDUSA IS A TEMPORARY INVERSION! I MUST GRAB THE WIZARD, TO LEASH WITH SUE! IS HIDDEN?

I'LL ORBIT AROUND AND ATTACK THE TORCH FROM BEHIND!



BUT, SUDDENLY... THE SLUTTER FEELS A STRANGE BALLOON-LIKE CAPSULE AT THE TORCH!

THE CAPSULE IS NOT AS BARKLESS AS IT SEEMS... TORCH / GRACE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO PICK YOU OFF WITH EASE!



ARGHHHH!

HOWEVER, INCREASING THE POWER OF HIS FLAME TO ONE HIM A JET / BOIST, JOHNNY DECIDES THE S-FLAME - ALTHOUGH THE MANDATORY SHAKING UP BEHIND HIM, IS NOT SO FORTUNATE...



I HAVE TO CUSHION MY FALL!

HAPPY LANDINGS, KLY-WATE

IT WILL BE AT LEAST TEN SECONDS BEFORE THE TRAPSTEPS CAN BE USED TO WEAR OFF RUN!



I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE... GOSHOWN... BUT IT'S TOO LATE!



THIS PURE... HOLDING MY LIMBS, AND MY LIMBS... I COULD NEVER DO MYSELF I LOOSE... UNLESS... I USE THE ADDED POWER OF MY INVISIBLE FORCE FIELD!

BY FORCING IT BETWEEN MY LIMBS... AND MAKING IT BOUND... MORE...



I DID IT! I'M FREE! BUT... I STILL HAVE TO FIND MY WAY OUT OF HERE!



STILL GROSSY, FEEL... BUT... IT MUST BE THE SLUTTER... IT HADN'T FULLY WORN OFF YET!

BUT... I HEAR, ABOVE ABOVE? LIKE... SOUND OF FIGHTING! CAN IT BE...? IT IS? I HEAR... REED'S VOICE... AND BEN... AND JOHNNY!



AND, DIRECTLY ABOVE THE HEARLY SHAKINGING BEL... MAN! BY SIGHTLY REVERSING MY ART... GROW POWER, I CANNOT YOU OFF-BALANCE!

DON'T YOU EVER SHADOW!



HEY! I HEAR... SHAKINGING DOWN... WHERE IT'S... GROSS VOICE... CHAIN! IT SOUNDS LIKE... SURE!

THIS IS YOUR BROTHER'S BODDY, KLY! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!



HEY, REMED! FORGET THOSE GROSS FOR A MINUTE! I FOUND YOU! SUE'S DOWN UNDER HERE!

YOU FOUND SUE? NOT MY CHANCE HE'S TURNED AWAY!

KRUNCH!



HOWEVER, REED AND JOHNNY MAKE NO EFFORT TO STOP THE FUGITIVES! THEY ARE OBLIVIOUS TO EVERYTHING, EXCEPT THE BENI-CONSCIOUS BLONDE SEX-UTY WHO WANTS BELOW...





AND THEN, IT HAPPENS ...!!

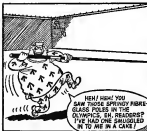


BURNED BY THE DARK WAVE... DIZED BY THE HOSE AND FORCE OF IMPACT... THE UNCONSCIOUS QUANTITY AND UNRETHINKABLE 'SAFE'... PROTECTED BY THE HATRED OF ONE GULL... A GIRL WHOSE WILL TO SURVIVE IS SO STRONG THAT HER FORCE FIELD REMAINS EVEN THOUGH SHE IS UNCONSCIOUS!



## GRIMLY FEENDISH

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# DEVIL OF THE DEEP

While seeking the legendary monster of Manako Deep, Captain Bill Barnes and his nephew, Nick and Sammy Swift, were attacked by night raiders from Manako Island. Later, Alani, son of the chief of a nearby island, was mysteriously killed by the monster. Determined to find out what the creature was like, Nick dove into an underwater chasm. But his lamp was accidentally smashed as something monstrous approached.

FROM THE DECK OF THE KETCH, STORMBIRD, CAPTAIN BILL BARNES, SAMMY SWIFT AND THE TWO KANAKAS WATCHED ANXIOUSLY FOR SIGNS OF NICK.

THEY DIDN'T SEE THE TRAMP STEAMER WHEN NOSED SLOWLY FROM A HIDDEN ANCHORAGE IN MANAKO ISLAND.

Beware the Beast that lurks below  
The thing that haunts men's sleep  
To live is better than to know  
The monster of Manako Deep

CAPTAIN SHADKEY, WHOSE MEN HAD ALREADY RAILED IN A NIGHT ATTACK ON THE KETCH, STUDIED HER INTENTLY.

ABOARD THE KETCH, SAMMY SWIFT HAD CAMERAS READY FOR A GLIMPSE OF THE MONSTER, BUT NOW, HE WAS CONCERNED ABOUT HIS BROTHER.

I CAN'T SEE A SIGN OF HIM, SKIPPER. DO YOU THINK HE'S ALL RIGHT?

ONE OF THEM'S STILL UNDERWATER! THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO TEACH THEM NOT TO POKE THEIR NOSES INTO MANAKO DEEP!

DON'T WORRY, SAMMY. NICK'S THE BEST UNDERWATER SWIMMER I KNOW!

BUT DEEP DOWN, AGAINST THE PLUNGING CORAL CLIFF OF THE UNDERWATER CHASM, NICK SWIFT WAS IN TROUBLE!

NEXT MOMENT HE FELT VIOLENT PRESSURE WAVES IN THE WATER WHICH TOSSED HIM ABOUT LIKE A COIN AS HE GLIMPSED A VAST, DARK SHAPE.

THERE'S SOMETHING COMING... SOMETHING BIG... BUT WITHOUT MY LAMP I CAN'T SEE A THING!

GOSH, WHAT IS IT? IF I COULD ONLY SEE MORE CLEARLY—

AND THEN NICK CRASHED AGAINST THE JAGGED CORAL, AND HEARD THE SOUND OF SMASHED METAL!



GREAT SCOTT!  
MY AIR CYLINDERS!  
WITHOUT AIR, I'VE  
HAD IT DOWN  
HERE!

THE MONSTER HAD VANISHED INTO THE BLOOM OF MANANO DEEP. BUT NICK FELT A NEW MENACE AS HIS WEIGHTED BELT DROVE HIM DOWN—



THE MYSTERY MONSTER  
HAD SCARED A GIANT  
OCTOPUS FROM ITS  
LAIR!

HIS LUNGS BURSTING, NICK FOUGHT TO FREE HIMSELF FROM THE HUGE, WORTHY RUBBERY CREATURE!



I'VE... ONLY...  
GOT... ONE...  
CHANCE...

WITH THE LAST OF HIS EBBING STRENGTH NICK FIRED THE HARPOON GUN HE CARRIED.



...I... COULDN'T  
USE IT AGAINST  
THE MONSTER...  
BUT... IT MIGHT  
SAVE ME  
NOW...

THE DEADLY TENTACLES  
RELAXED THEIR GRIP...  
AND THE OCTOPUS FELL  
AWAY AS NICK DROPPED  
THE GUN AND FOUGHT TO  
UNBUCKLE HIS WEIGHTED  
BELT.



NOT...  
MUCH... AIR  
...LEFT...

THEN A RED MIST SURGED THROUGH HIS BRAIN, AND HE WAS DRIFTING HELPLESSLY!



IT WAS SAMMY WHO SAW HIM FIRST AS HE SURFACED—



THERE HE  
IS! HE'S IN  
TROUBLE! I'M  
GOING IN AFTER  
HIM!

CLUMSILY SAMMY SWAM TO HIS BROTHER AND TORE OFF HIS FACE MASK SO THAT HE COULD BREATHE.



NICK, WHAT  
HAPPENED?... OH,  
BOEN, HE'S UNCONSCIOUS—  
LOST HIS AIR SUPPLY  
AND CAME UP TOO  
FAST!

TOBY! JEREMIAH!  
THROW HIM A LINE  
AS WE COME  
ALONGSIDE!

WITHOUT HESITATION SAMMY DIVED, WHILE BILL BARNES RAN BACK TO THE WHEELHOUSE.



HOLD HIM UP IF  
YOU CAN, SAMMY. I'LL  
START THE ENGINE  
AND BRING HER  
ROUND TO YOU.

AND THEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME, BILL BARNES SAW THE STEAMER THAT WAS HEADING TOWARDS THEM, AND HIS KEEN EYES PICKED OUT THE NAME ON HER BOWS.



SUKALA! BY THUNDER,  
THAT WAS THE NAME ON  
THE KNIFE. WE PICKED  
UP AFTER THE FIGHT.  
THE CUT-THROAT CREW  
ARE OUT TO MAKE  
MORE TROUBLE!

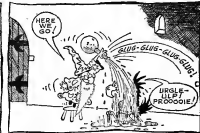
What is the Sinister Sharkey's Plan? See Next Week's Issue!

WIZARD PRANG

IN

# WIZ WAR

DEMON DRUID





EVERY LETTER  
PRINTED WINS A £11 WRITE  
TO:

ALF AND COS,  
"SMASH AND POW,"  
64, LONG ACRE,  
LONDON, W.C.2.



Dear Alf and Cos,

I'm afraid I don't agree with the letter from Alan Rylatt that you published in SMASH No. 144. If you were to make Batman stories the way they used to be published many years ago, you'd just have an old fashioned story, which I don't like! But the Batman of today is great, and I think his is one of the best stories in your comic. And many thanks for bringing back the Fantastic Four, as well.

Andrew Taylor,  
Leek, Staffs.

Looks like we're going to have another little of controversy on our hands! Perhaps you other Frankie Ones would like to let us know how you feel!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

SMASH No. 144 was just great! Your new brand of stories is just the sort of thing that I like. But you've made one horrible, ghastly boob! And that was only giving the Spectre two pages! This story deserves far more space than that! It's great! I used to get other comics apart from Smash, but yours is the very best! And I'm also glad you teamed Superman up with Batman. Keep up the SMASHing work!

Smart Mooey,  
Gateshead.

You can have too much of a good thing. Stuart and that's why we're keeping the Spectre down to two pages! Besides if we gave the Spectre more room, there'd be no space to pack in our other fabulous features! And we can't have that, can we?

Alf and Cos.

## JOKE LETTER

Dear Alf and Cos,

Do you like this one?  
Q. What do Ghosts drink?  
A. "Spirits," of course!

Stephen Piggott,  
Deptford, London.

You'll notice that when Thor wants to change into Don Blake, he tops the handle on the ground, Frank. Now, when he throws his hammer at something, it hits with the head . . . and he's not exactly topping it, either.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Smash is great with all the new stories you have put in. But in issue 144, in Brian's bin, you put an ape walking out of the circus with a rifle in his hand, then you put him shooting at a car, and later still, the ape knocking a man out and robbing him. How did he learn to do this?

David Cole-Wilkins,  
Wymondham, Norfolk.

It's not so much a case of learning, David . . . you see, the ape was being controlled by Varco, the animal man, and whatever he said to do, the ape did!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

In Smash 144, I thought the beginnings of your new stories were just fab! In my opinion, the story because boxing and wrestling are my favourite sports, and this is so great that I can hardly wait for the next issue. I think that many readers will agree with me, so keep up the good work!

Paul Pogues,  
Belfast, N. Ireland.

Glad this story is going down so well with so many of you frantic fight-fans out there! We're trying to provide something of everything for everybody, so whatever it is you like, stick with us! Things are going to get better still.

Alf and Cos.

## DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

My favourite feature is

My second favourite feature is

Send the coupon with your letter to:  
Alf and Cos, SMASH, 64 Long Acre,  
London, W.C.2.

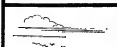
# FAMOUS WAYFINDERS NO.3

LEWIS & CLARK

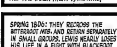
NORTH AMERICA, 1803, THE WEST TERRITORY EXTENDING FROM ST. LOUIS TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN IS STILL UNEXPLORED. PRESIDENT JEFFERSON ORDERS A 43-YEAR TOUR OF DISCOVERY.



NEXT SPRING, THE EXPEDITION CONTINUES AND, AFTER BEING ATTACKED BY GOATLY BEARS, SUFFER A HEAVY KILLING - SNAKES AND NEARLY SINKING IN RAPIDS, REACHED THE SPECTACULAR GREAT FALLS IN WHAT IS NOW THE STATE OF MONTANA.



LEWIS AND CLARK, SIGHT THE PACIFIC! IT IS NEARLY CHRISTMAS 1805 - THE TRIP HAS TAKEN THEM 19 MONTHS!



SPRING 1806: THEY RECOVER THE BITTERROOT MTS. AND RETURN SEPARATELY IN SMALL GROUPS. LEWIS NEARLY LOSES HIS LIFE IN A FIGHT WITH BLACKFOOT INDIANS. CLARK'S HORSES ARE STOLEN BY CROW INDIANS AND HE TAKES TO WATER IN CROFT CANDLES....



ON MAY 14, 1806, THE EXPEDITION, LED BY CAPT. MERIWETHER LEWIS AND WILLIAM CLARK, SETS OUT. THEY HEAD NORTH WEST ALONG THE MISSOURI RIVER AND REACH NORTH DAKOTA - LAST OUTPOST OF WHITE SETTLERS - THE FOLLOWING WINTER.



CONDITIONS ARE GRUELING! CROSSING AN INDIAN TRAIL OVER THE BITTERROOT MOUNTAINS, THE EXPEDITION RUNS OUT OF FOOD AND IS FORCED TO EAT VEGETABLE ROOTS AND BERRIES TO STAY ALIVE.



...BUT, THEY REACH ST. LOUIS IN SEPTEMBER 1806, NEARLY 28 YEARS AFTER THEY SET OUT. THE EXPEDITION IS A MAJOR SUCCESS AND GIVES AMERICA THE FIRST TRUE PICTURE OF ITS OWN VAST LANDS.



## AND HERE'S ANOTHER KIND OF WAYFINDER...



FREE WITH EVERY PAIR...



It's the Wayfinder Adventure Shoe for boys. Wayfinders are the rugged new shoes made for boys with a sense of adventure. You set the pace. Wayfinders can take it. And they've got two big secrets: animal tracks on the soles. So you can track animals - even in rough country. And there's a secret compass in a special heel compartment.

Wayfinders Adventure Shoe come in black or tan. They're the only shoes approved by The Scout Association for Scouts and Cub Scouts, and have a 6 months' guarantee against sole repair. Prices from only 37/11d. In half sizes between 11-7. Get a pair now - you'll find them at most leading shoe stores.

# WAYFINDERS

WAYFINDERS, 151 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

# SUPERMAN AND BATMAN

THE BOY WONDER



AND NOW--INTO THE BATCOPTER, CHUM!

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

SOMEONE HAS TRIED TO KILL SUPERMAN, BUT BATMAN HAS SAVED HIM. NOW OUR HEROES LEAVE SUPERMAN'S ARCTIC FORTRESS TO TRACK DOWN HIS WOULD-BE KILLER...

BACK TO WASHINGTON-- TO ASK SOME QUESTIONS AT THE FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS COMMISSION!



FOLLOWING BATMAN'S PLAN, SUPERMAN RETURNS TO METROPOLIS--

TO KEEP MY "KILLER" OFF GUARD, WE'LL LET HIM GO ON THINKING I'M DEAD, SO--



--I'LL GO BACK TO WORK IN MY SECRET IDENTITY AS REPORTER--



--CLARK KENT! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN???



I--I'M SORRY, LOIS. I-- I'VE BEEN ILL--

I'VE BEEN PHONING YOUR APARTMENT FOR TWO DAYS!



I GUESS I DIDN'T HEAR THE TELEPHONE-- BUT I APPRECIATE YOUR BEING WORRIED!



WORRIED?? I'M SO UPSET I COULD JUST DIE!!

I--I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU CARED SO MUCH...



IT ISN'T YOU I'VE BEEN WORRIED ABOUT, CLARK--IT'S SUPERMAN!

OH. I SEE...



IT'S AWFUL, CLARK! THERE'S A RUMOUR GOING THROUGH THE UNDERWORLD THAT SUPERMAN IS DEAD!

I PROMISED BATMAN I'D LET THE WORLD GO ON THINKING SO--SO I CAN'T EVEN COMFORT POOR LOIS...



IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE OF TRAPPING WHO-EVER'S BEEN TRYING TO KILL ME!

MEANWHILE...

THE **FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS COMMISSION** BUILDING IS DOWN THERE TO THE LEFT, BATMAN!

RIGHT!



AND MINUTES LATER--

MR. COMMISSIONER, I NEED SOME INFORMATION ABOUT A "HAM" RADIO TRANSMITTER--



WHICH **ONE**, BATMAN? WE LICENCE **THOUSANDS** OF THEM!

WOULD THERE BE **ONE**-- PROBABLY IN THE AREA OF **METROPOLIS**--WHO ALSO HAPPENS TO BE A **RADIO-PHYSICIST**?



WE **DO** HAVE A RADIO TRANSMITTER LICENCED TO A **RADIO-PHYSICIST**, BATMAN!

AH! WHO IS HE, MR. COMMISSIONER?



A FORMER PROFESSOR NAMED **ZOLTAN ZINKK**!



THANK YOU, SIR! THE **LIFE** YOU'VE JUST SAVED MAY BE **SUPERMAN'S**!



I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SNAP THE **CUFFS** ON THE GUY WHO'S BEEN TRYING TO DESTROY **SUPERMAN**!



**NOT YET, ROBIN!** WE'RE GOING TO NEED **PROOF**!



93 MINUTES LATER, AT ZINKK'S SINISTER MOUNTAINTOP LABORATORY...

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I WOULD KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT **SUPERMAN**?

WE'RE MERELY MAKING A **SURVEY**, SIR--

HE'S A BIG **FAKER**, BATMAN!



I OUGHT TO POKE YOU RIGHT IN THE **SNOOT**!



LET GO, YOU YOUNG **SNAPPERWHIPPER**!

EASY, CHUM! **THAT'S** NO WAY TO TALK TO THIS NICE GENTLEMAN!



I'M SORRY, SIR...

**OUT!** GET OUT!!

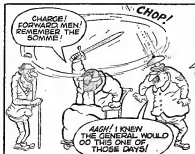
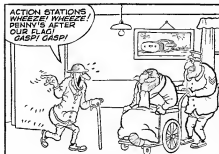
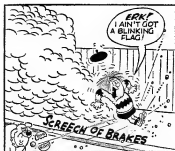
NICE **DIVERSIONARY TACTICS**, ROBIN! I WAS ABLE TO FIND WHAT I WANTED IN HIS **RUBBISH BIN**!

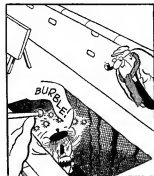
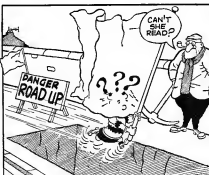
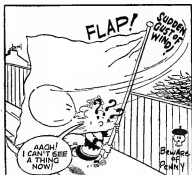
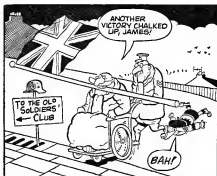
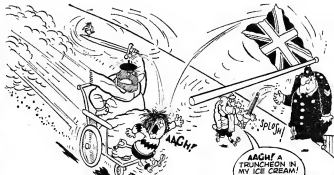
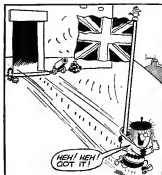


MORE **SUPER** BATVENTURE NEXT WEEK!



# BAD PENNY





# DESTINATION DANGER

JEFF JACKSON, A YOUNG ENGLISH RACING DRIVER IN THE U.S.A., WAS GIVEN HIS BIG CHANCE TO DRIVE FOR PUMA MOTORS IN THE GREAT DIANA TRONITY RACE. PUMAS' ACE DRIVER, VIC STAFFORD, A SECRET TRAITOR TO THE TEAM, TAMPERED WITH THE BRAKES OF JEFF'S CAR. THEN IN THE FINAL LAP OF THE RACE STAFFORD TRIED, UNSUCCESSFULLY, TO CRASH JEFF'S CAR. BUT JEFF DROVE MAGNIFICENTLY TO WIN. LATER, WHEN STAFFORD DROVE INTO THE PADDOCK, JEFF RUSHED AHEAD TO HIM, DETERMINED TO HAVE A SHOW-DOWN.

JEFF ANGRILY FACED VIC STAFFORD —



I KNOW YOU'RE THE TEAM-LEADER, STAFFORD, BUT WHAT THE BLAZES WAS THE BIG HOPE OF DELIBERATELY TRYING TO STOP ME OVER-TAKING YOU IN THE RACE? IT ALMOST SEEMED AS IF YOU WANTED PUMAS TO LOSE!

ANGERED BY THE FAILURE OF HIS PLOT, THE TREACHEROUS DRIVER TURNED FURIOUSLY ON JEFF

WHY, YOU INSOLENT CUB! I'M NOT TAKING THAT SORT OF THING FROM YOU! BY THUNDER, I'LL TEACH YOU!



STAFFORD STOP — DON'T BE A FOOL!



NEXT MOMENT — — — STAFFORD WAS FLAT ON HIS BACK!



THEN, EVEN AS MECHANICS RUSHED TO PART THE FIERCELY STRUGGLING DRIVERS, ED BREDON, CHIEF OF PUMA MOTORS, HURRIED INTO THE PADDOCK...

NOW THEN! WHAT'S GOING ON?



STAFFORD WAS THE FIRST TO OFFER AN EXPLANATION —

JACKSON'S LUCKY WIN SEEMS TO HAVE GONE TO HIS HEAD! HE ACCUSED ME OF OBSTRUCTING HIM IN THE RACE — WELL, I COULDN'T STAND BY AND TAKE INSULTS LIKE THAT, MR. BREDON!

I MEANT EVERY WORD OF IT!



ED BREDON INSTANTLY TURNED ON JEFF!

I'M PROUD OF YOU, JACKSON, FOR THE WAY YOU WON FOR PUMAS. BUT YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO MAKE SUCH ACCUSATIONS ABOUT A FAMOUS DRIVER WHO KNOWS A LOT MORE ABOUT RACING THAN YOU DO!



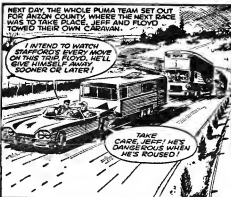
REMEMBER — STAFFORD'S MY SENIOR DRIVER AND I TRUST HIM! IF THERE'S ANY MORE TROUBLE, I SHALL BE FORCED TO FIRE YOU, JACKSON! YOU MUST LEARN TO CONTROL YOUR TEMPER, OR YOU'LL RUIN YOUR RACING CAREER!



THEN, ED BREDON'S MANNER SUDDENLY CHANGED!

NOW, COME ON, JACKSON! STAFFORD'S TOO BIG A GUY TO DEAR YOU ANY ILL-FEELING. SO FORGET THIS BUSINESS AND LET'S GO AND CELEBRATE OUR GREAT VICTORY!









SECONDS LATER, THE RAZOR-EDGED "BELLIBURP" TABLET SKIMS FROM THE FOOD TUBE, AND ACROSS THE TUM DEPARTMENT.



# THE MIGHTY THOR!

"..AND, SOON SHALL COME:

## THE ENCHANTERS!"

"NOW! I NEVER  
THOUGHT THE MIGHTY  
THOR WOULD COME HERE!  
IN HERE TO SLURP A  
LEMONADE!"

EVEN A  
THUNDER GOD  
MAY FEEL THE  
PULL OF  
THIRST!

FROM NOW ON,  
THAT DRINK'S  
GONNA BE KNOWN  
AS MY ASSAULT  
SPECIAL!



A STRANGE BEGINNING  
FOR A SUPERHERO  
SAGA! THOU DOST  
THINK! AHH, THOU  
SUSPECTEST NOT THE  
GLORY AND GRANDEUR  
AWAITING THEE... BUT  
FIRST, AS THE GOD OF  
THUNDER FINISHES HIS  
DRINK...



AND NOW, THE SON OF  
ODIN MUST BE ON HIS  
WAY!

OH, MOM!  
NOT  
YET!!

PLEASE  
STAY... ONLY  
A WHILE  
LONGER!



YOU CAN'T CUT OUT  
WITHOUT DRINK... IN THE  
LOW-DOWN ON YOUR  
PAD IN A SHED!

THAT'S RIGHT!  
TELL US IF THE  
STORIES ABOUT  
YOU ARE REALLY  
TRUE!

DO YOU REALLY  
COME FROM A  
RAILED LAND...  
SOMEBODY  
SAYS YOU'RE  
SQUABBY?

CUE US IN,  
WATER! YOU CAN'T  
JUST EAT 'N' REAR!



IT TRUTH, TIME  
INTEREST BOTH  
GLORIOUS THE  
HEART OF THOR!

BUT, MOM CAN I  
RESCUE THAT  
WHICH IS BEYOND  
THE KEN OF MORTAL  
UNDERSTANDING?



NEVERTHELESS, I  
SHALL ATTEMPT  
TO REVEAL... THE  
UNDEVELOPABLE!!

THOU MUST NOW ATTEND MY EVERY  
WOMAN!

EMPTY TRY HANDS OF ALL  
EARTHLY THOUGHT... AS I  
LEAD THEE... IN SUPREMACY!  
HAS BEYOND THIS WORST  
MORTAL UILE?



YEA, EVEN BEYOND THE MOST  
DISTANT STAR... THE FURTHEST  
GALAXY... THE FINAL  
UNIVERSE...

...TO THE VERY  
END OF TIME  
LESS INFINITE!



AND THERE, ACROSS THE SHIMMERING RAINBOW BRIDGE... BEYOND THE REACH OF MORTALITY... THEIR STANDS ASGARD!!



EVEN HOLANT RIVER MEET WITH THE EYE OF A WALKER... THE HEART OF A LION... IS NEARBY... STEEDING... SUBORDINATE... GOLDEN GATES... MEMORIAL... MYSTER... BARS CAN DETECT THE FLUTTER OF A BUTTERFLY... THE WING... A THOUSAND WORLDS



AND THE RULER OF THE FABLED REALM IS TRULY BEYOND DESCRIPTION... FOR HE CANNOT SURVIVE ALL WHO STAND

LET IT SUFICE TO KNOW THAT HE IS GOD... THE ALL-POW... THE TRULY OMNIPOTENT!!

OPEN... MAKE A... SPEAKER OF THE WORD... THE PATH!!

OPEN! THE LAMP... POWER THE LIGHTING... THE LIVING JUDGMENTS!!

WELL WE BE ASHAMED INCARCERATE!! AND TO THE GOD OF THUNDER... IS THE THING MORE--

HE IS FLESH OF MY FLESH... BLOOD OF MY BLOOD!!

FOR HIM DO I GAVE FATHER!!



BUT I HAVE SPOON KNOW!

THOSE THERE ARE WHICH MUST BE LEFT UNALTERED!

AW, NO IF YOU CAN'T SAY, DON'T NOT AFTER YOU GO US WOODS?

IT IS TIME TO TAKE MY LEAVE! STAND IN ALL ASGARD!



DID YOU NOT HEAR THE WORDS OF THOR?

YOU MUST NOT PURSUE ME AS THOUGH I BE A MORTAL SINGER OF SONGS.

STAND YE BACK, I SAY! I FUD THIS NIGHT UNBURNABLE!

PLEASE DON'T LEAVE SO SOON

THEY'RE ALL LIKE YOU, WE WANT THE DIVINE OF ASGARD!



DOWN IT!

TO EASIER BY FAR TO KILL SOME UNWORTHY NERVE THAN SUCH AS THEY



THOUGH TRUTH  
TO TELL, I FIND  
THEIR EXULTATION  
...NOT UN-  
PLEASING!



BUT THERE ARE OTHER  
MATTERS TO OCCUPY THE  
MIND OF THUNDER...

AND HIS MORTAL  
COUNTERPART, AS  
WELL!



FOR THE TWO IS COME TO  
SHED THEir GLOOMY RAINMENT...

...AND RESUME  
THE MORTAL LIFE OF DON BLAKE  
...AT LAST!



THERE IS A  
MEDICAL  
REPORT  
WHICH THE  
LADY WITH  
HER  
EYES...

A REPORT  
WHICH WILL  
TELL THE  
CONDITION  
OF AN ALIAS  
PATIENT.



THUS DO I  
STRIKE MY  
HAMMER!!



FOR TO A DOCTOR,  
THE LIFE OF ONE  
SICKLY MAN IS AS  
WOOD  
THE FATE OF  
THOUSANDS!



I SEE THAT THE  
BEST RESULTS  
HAVE ARRIVED!

THIS IS THE NEURON I RUSHED  
AWAY FROM YOUR YOUNGSTER!

MR. MARKHAM WILL BE  
HERE SOON... TO LEARN  
HIS CONDITION! I CAN'T  
KEEP HIM WAITING!

WELL, THE  
NEXT  
SECONDS  
WILL TELL  
THE STORY!



DOCTOR  
BLAKE,  
THANK  
YOU FOR  
MEETING  
ME HERE

MR. MARKHAM!  
I TOLD YOU NOT  
TO OVERTAKE YOURSELF!

LUCKY I GOT  
HERE WHEN  
YOU'RE MUST  
HAVE BEEN  
WORKING  
YOURSELF SICK

YOU'VE GOT  
TO TELL ME THE  
TRUTH DOCTOR!  
DON'T KEEP  
ANYTHING  
FROM ME!



I KNOW I'M JUST  
A MEDICINER, IT  
DOESN'T MATTER,  
IT'S LIFE OR DEATH  
BUT STILL...  
I JUST  
WANT TO  
KNOW!

DON'T EVER SAY THAT, MR. MARKHAM!  
EVERY MAN'S LIFE IS IMPORTANT!  
VITALLY IMPORTANT!

NOW JUST GET A GRIP ON  
YOURSELF, WHILE I STUDY  
YOUR REPORT...

YOU'VE BEEN WONDERFUL  
DOCTOR... TREATING ME  
LIKE YOU DID... EVEN  
THOUGH I CAN'T  
PAY YOU... I  
DON'T KNOW  
...WANT TO  
SAY...

JUST SAY...  
A FRANK OF  
THANKS!

YOUR TESTS  
WERE ALL  
NEGATIVE!



YOU MEAN...  
2-1-1A GONNA  
TO BE...  
ALL RIGHT?

JUST A  
LITTLE  
BEST  
AND YOU'LL  
BE AT  
A FIDELITY  
IN ALL  
THIS

THE JOY IN HIS EYES...  
HIS HEART... WITH THE  
LIFE OF A THUNDERBOLT  
CAN OFFER NO GREATER  
SATISFACTION THAN  
THIS!

FOR I HAVE  
GAINED A  
FELLOW MAN!



BUT, AT THAT VERY INSTANT... RELATIVELY SPEAKING... IN ANOTHER  
UNIVERSE, AN INCALCULABLE DISTANCE... IN... TWO V. MANY SECONDS  
LIFE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN AN UNUSUAL ADVENTURE... ONE WHICH WILL  
SOON AFFECT DON BLAKE... AND ALL WHO LIVE FROM HERE  
TO INFINITY...!

WE HAVE AT LAST  
REACHED THE  
PRIMEVAL LAND OF  
RINGS...  
FAR OFF!

THE  
NEARLY NOBLE  
CRAFTSMAN  
DARK  
ANCHORS  
WOULD BE  
FOUND!

THOUGH THE  
CHARACTER  
ONE IS LIVING  
TO-H, MY HEART  
FEELS THAT HE  
KNEW THE  
EXACT

FOR IF THE  
SMOKEWAVE THREE  
DO TRULY BURN THE LAND  
ONCE MORE... WITH ASSAULT  
THEIR POWER... REAL MOST  
DIRE!

THEIR POWER  
WOULD EUL CORSE  
FROM THE BURNING  
THE RE-UM... AND IS  
S-UP TO BE THE BOLD  
OF DON'S OWN!



BUT THEN IF LOOK TO TRY  
MOUNTAIN THE VERY GROUND  
BELOW BOTH BRISTLE DEVIATE  
OUR FEET!

IT'S THE  
ANCHORS...  
MY LADY!

THEY HAVE  
FOUND  
THEIR OWN!

THEY HAVE  
FOUND  
THEIR OWN!

THEY HAVE  
FOUND  
THEIR OWN!

THEY HAVE  
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THEY HAVE  
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THEY HAVE  
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THEY HAVE  
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THEIR OWN!

THEY HAVE  
FOUND  
THEIR OWN!

THEY HAVE  
FOUND  
THEIR OWN!



ABANDON  
THY SPEED!!

UPON OUR  
FEET ALONE  
IS A MEASURE  
OF SPEED!  
NOW TO BE  
FOUND!



BEHIND ME,  
MY LADY!  
WHATEVER  
MY RECALL...  
BALDER'S  
BLADE MUST  
MEET IT FIRST!

I SAY THREE HAY, MY LORD! THOUGH I BE  
A WOMAN BORN, MY BLADE IS TRUE...MY  
ARM IS SWIFT!

WE EACH  
DO FIGHT  
FOR ASHARD...  
AND SHALL DO  
SO BY-SIDE!



IN TRUTH THOU ART  
GODDESS MOST  
FIT FOR THE  
MIGHTY SON  
OF ODIN!

NOW MY HEART DOTN WISH THE LIPS  
OF THINE WOULD MOUTH SUCH WORDS...  
MY LORD!  
BUT NOW... 'TIS  
TIME FOR OTHER  
MATTERS!

ENCHANTERS!!  
KEEP THE CHALLENGE  
OF BALDER... STRAND  
YE FORTH!!



'S THOUGH IN  
ANSWER TO THY  
WORDS... AN  
EXPLOSION  
WAST AS MY  
HATH OCCURRED

AND A  
CLOUD  
SHAVE  
ABOVE  
US...

A CLOUD OF SW...  
GROWING  
DARKER  
THIN THE  
BLACKEST  
NIGHT?



BALDER!!  
WITHIN  
THY CLOUD...  
A FACE IS  
FORMED!

I AM THE SPIRIT OF THE  
LIVING TALISMAN WHICH  
DO SERVE THE THREE  
ENCHANTERS!



AND I AM  
BALDER...  
WARRIOR OF  
ASHARD!

IS THE ENCHANTERS SO  
COMBODLY THAT THEY SEND  
NAUGHT SET AN EMPTY  
CLOUD TO OPPOSE US??

DO NOT SEEK TO  
ANGER HIM, MY  
MORD!

THE TALISMAN ARE  
POSSESSED OF  
POWER BEYOND  
OUR COMPRE-  
HENSION!

NO MATTER!  
THE GAUNTLET  
NATH BEEN FLAUNTS!  
NOW STAND WE FAST!



WARRIOR...  
THOU ART  
A FOOL!

THOU HAST CALLED ME  
AN EMPTY CLOUD...

BUT MY MASTERS  
HAVE THE POWER  
TO GIVE ME FAR  
MORE SUBSTANTIAL  
FORM...

SUCH IS THE  
WAY OF THE  
ENCHANTERS!



NOW THOU  
SHALT PEEL  
THE MIGHT  
OF THE  
TALISMAN!!

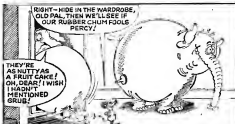
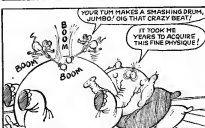
NOW THOU SHALT  
PEEL THE MIGHT  
OF THE TALISMAN!!



CAN THE ASGARDIANS ESCAPE  
THE FEARFUL MENACE OF THE  
TALISMAN? AND WHAT IS  
HAPPENING TO THOR? FIND OUT  
IN NEXT WEEK'S THRILL-A-  
PIC #15000!



# Percy's Pets



EYES AS SHARP AS A CACTUS-SPINE, FACE AS BEARDED AS THE SUNBURNED TRAIL... THIS IS LUKE FORGAN, SHERIFF OF YUCCA COUNTY, ARIZONA, AS HE "PROCES HERD" ON A GOLD SHIPMENT FROM THE ESPINOSA MINE.

YOUR  
POWER  
SHORT  
STORY

# LAWMAN'S LOOT

MUST BE NIGH ON A QUARTER-MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF THE STUFF IN THOSE BOXES, AND THE BORDER ONLY SITTIN' DISTANCE AWAY IT COULD BE A TEMPTIN' THOUGHT FOR MANY A MAN—EVEN A LAWMAN.



LEE TORRANCE, LUKE'S NEW DEPUTY, GLANTS A SIDELONG GLANCE AT HIM.



WHAT'S FORGAN TRYING TO DO? BOUND ME OUT TO SEE IF I'M TRUSTWORTHY?

ON THEIR ROUTE IS THE BORDER SETTLEMENT OF LOS PICAFEDRENSES—SPAWN FOR THE STONE-MASONS, AND WHEN THEY ARRIVE...

SENIOR SHERIFF, THE BANDIDOS ARE ON THEIR MKY TO RAZE OUR HOMES TO THE GROUND UNLESS WE PAY THEM MUCHA MONEYS. ONLY MUCHA MONEYS IS WHAT WE DO NOT HAVE! SAVE US, I REG OF YOU!



SWEEPING THROUGH THE SETTLEMENT AT A FAST CLIP, THEY ARE BARELY CLEAR OF IT WHEN A BUNCH OF RIDERS SWING INTO VIEW.

BUT ONLY ONE THING FILLS FORGAN'S MIND... AND IT IS NOT THE PLIGHT OF THE AMERICANS...

LISTEN, GREASE-BALL, I'VE BIGGER PROBLEMS ON MY MIND THAN YOU FOLKS AND YOUR MOVES! BEAT IT!

I'M NEW TO THESE PARTS, BUT EVEN I'VE HEARD OF THE BANDIDOS AND THE TRAIL OF TERROR THEY'VE BLAZED THROUGH THE BORDER TOWNS AND SETTLEMENTS. THESE PEOPLE ARE ENTITLED TO APPEAL FOR...

AH, SHUCKS! WE'VE BEEN HIRED, YOU AND ME, TO HELP PROTECT THE ESPINOSA GOLD-SHIPMENT. WE'LL DO JUST THAT, GET GOIN', WHITEY!



WOLD IT! WE'RE TOO LATE!

FORGAN BELLOW'S ORDERS AS THE BULLETS WHINE AROUND HIM...

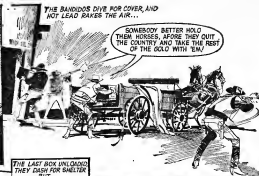


WHITEY—SAY—GET THE GOLD INTO THIS DESERTED CASA! WE AND TORRANCE'LL COVER YOU!



THE BANDIDOS OPEN FIRE... BUT THEY ARE ANSWERED IN KIND!

MADRE DE DIOS! DISMOUNT, COMPANEROS!



THE BANDIDOS DIVE FOR COVER, AND HOT LEAD RAKES THE AIR...

SOMEbody BETTER HOLD THEM HORSES, AFORE THEY QUIT THE COUNTRY AND TAKE THE REST OF THE GOLD WITH 'EM!



FORGAN HEARS, AND GRABS FOR THE TEAM'S HEAD-ROLLS WITH FRANTIC HASTE...

THE SHERIFF IS SURE MINDFUL OF THE PAY-ORE IN THOSE BOXES. NOT AN OUNCE'LL BE LOST IF HE CAN HELP IT.



THE LAST BOX UNLOADED, THEY DASH FOR SHELTER BUT...

AAAAAH!



WHITEY BITES THE DUST, LIKE FORGAN LETS HIM LIE...

WELL, I'LL BE DOGGONED! HE DON'T GIVE A TINKER'S CUSS FOR A MAN'S LIFE, THE GOLD RATES HIGHER. WHAT KIND OF A SENSE OF DUTY IS THAT?



C'MON, OLD FELLER! NO MATTER WHAT HE DOES, I CAN'T LEAVE A MAN TO DIE!



LEE, FORGAN AND THE SHOTGUN-GUARD TAKE POSTS AT THE WINDOWS. BUT BULLETS KNOW NOTHING OF RIGHT AND WRONG, AND SO...

AAAAARGH!



MEANWHILE THE PEOPLE OF THE SETTLEMENT POUR INTO THEIR CHURCH.

LET US PRAY FOR OUR DELIVERANCE!



THE BANDIDOS CHOOSE THIS MOMENT IN ORDER TO RUSH THE LAWMEN. SAM LIES DEAD, WHITEY IS DYING, BUT...

FOR DIOS! THERE IS NO FUTURE IN THIS PACO. THOSE GRINGOS ARE TOO GOOD WITH THEIR GUNS!



THE ATTACK BREAKS DOWN, AND A LONG LULL ENIGMES. THE QUIET IS BROKEN BY WHITEY'S HEART-RENDING VOICE...

WATER... WATER...

THERE'S A WELL OUT THERE. I'M GOING OUT TO IT!

YOU'RE A DEAD DUCK IF YOU DO! AND WHAT FOR? NOTHIN'! THAT WELL'S BEEN DRY FOR YEARS!



THE LULL ENDS AS THE BANDIDOS LAUNCH ANOTHER ATTACK. AND AN UNLUCKY RICOCHET DROPS LEE. HE HAS A LAST IMPRESSION OF FORGAN FIGHTING MAD!

UUGH!



LATER, WHEN THE FURY OF THE GUNPLAY WAS PETERED OUT, A DEADLY HUSH DESCENDED. BUT A LONG TIME ELAPSED BEFORE THE VILLAGERS DARE LEAVE THEIR SANCTUARY.



THE BANDIDO LEADER AND SIX OF HIS GANG ARE DEAD, BUT THE OTHERS BESTED ME AN' TOOK OFF WITH THE GOLD. I'VE A HUG IN MY ARM AND MY DEPUTY'S OUT COLO. WHERE IS THE NEAREST DOCTOR?

LEE HAS ONLY BEEN CREASED, BUT WEEKS PASS BEFORE FORGAN IS FIT FOR DUTY. THEN LEE HAS A CHANCE TO SPEAK HIS MIND...



SHERIFF, THE PEOPLE OF LOS PICAPEDREROS FIGURE YOU AND I AND POOR SAM AND WHITNEY SAVED THEIR TOWN.

BUT BY MY RECKONING YOU DID MORE THAN THAT. YOU SAVED THE GOLD TOO— FOR YOURSELF!



FORGAN BRISTLES. AT FIRST, THEN A CUNNING LOOK COMES TO HIS FACE. AS HIS PARTNER TALKS ON...

I CAN'T BELIEVE THOSE OUTLAWS WOULD'VE SPARED YOU IF THEY'D GOT THE BETTER OF YOU. THE TRUTH IS, YOU BROVE 'EM OFF AND HID THE GOLD SOME PLACE.

PROVE IT!



PROVE IT IS WHAT I HOPE TO DO, FORGAN—BEFORE YOU GET YOUR LOOT AND SKIP THE COUNTRY. MEANTIME, WE'VE A DATE WITH A GATHERING OF GRATEFUL MEXICANS WHO WANT TO SHOW THEIR APPRECIATION.



THE CITIZENS OF LOS PICAPEDREROS LEAD THE LAWYEN TO A MEMORIAL.

WE PUT IT UP WITH OUR OWN HANDS, SENSORS.

THE SPANISH INSCRIPTION ON IT SAYS: 'IN HONOUR OF THE HEROES WHO DEFENDED OUR—'

BUT A BELLOW FROM FORGAN CUTS THE CEREMONY SHORT...



THE WELL! YOU'VE SEALED THE WELL! YOU MEXICAN DUNDERHEADS, YOU'VE BUILT YOUR DOGGONED MONSTROSITY OVER MY LOOT!

YUCCA COUNTY NOW HAS A NEW SHERIFF, ELECTED BY POPULAR VOTE. AND THE FORMER SHERIFF?



A QUARTER-MILLION IN GOLD... JUST WAITIN' FOR ME TO PICK UP IN MY OWN GODD TIME... IF THOSE BLAMED GREASERS HADN'T BURIED IT UNDER A TON O' GOLD MASONRY!

THE END

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**SUBBUTED**  
the  
**TABLE SOCCER**

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(DEPT 60 LANGTON GREEN, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, KENT.)

# AT NIGHT STALKS THE SPECTRE

IT ALL BEGINS AS DUSK SHROUDS THE GREAT CITY, SPANNING THE DARK RIVER IS A GLEAMING BRIDGE, A TRIUMPH OF MODERN ENGINEERING THAT AWAITS THE OPENING CEREMONY THE FOLLOWING DAY. SUDDENLY...



NEXT MOMENT...



A REPORTER PHONES THE NEWS TO TOD TOGAN, NEWS EDITOR OF THE DAILY GLOBE.



ONLY ONCE DOES TOD TOGHAN STOP ON HIS RUSH BACK TO THE GLOBE OFFICE... AND THAT IS BESIDE A MONUMENT IN ONE OF THE CITY'S TOUGHEST DISTRICTS.



JIM, YOU WERE MY BEST REPORTER, THE GREATEST CRIMFIGHTER AGAINST CRIME IN THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS. CAN IT BE TRUE THAT YOUR GHOST CONTINUES THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST CORRUPTION? IS IT TRUE THAT YOU HAVE COME BACK TO LIFE... AS THE SPECTRE?

IF IT IS TRUE, JIM... THEN HERE IS A JOB FOR THE SPECTRE! FOR THERE IS EVIL BEHIND TONIGHT'S HAPPENINGS! ALL MY INSTINCTS TELL ME THIS!



AS TOD TOGHAN DRIVES ON, A PAVING STONE SLOWLY RISES...



FROM HIS SECRET LAIR BELOW HIS OWN MONUMENT STEPS JIM JORDAN, WHOM THE REST OF THE WORLD BELIEVES DEAD... AND WHO NOW CALLS HIMSELF THE SPECTRE...



I BELIEVE I KNOW WHAT YOU WERE THINKING, TOD! FOR I HEARD WHAT HAPPENED TONIGHT ON MY OWN LINK-UP WITH THE POLICE RADIO! YOU WONDERED IF IT WERE REALLY TRUE I HAD COME BACK TO LIFE AS THE SPECTRE! AND YOU GUESSED AS I HAVE GUESSED, THERE IS MORE TO TONIGHT'S TRAGIC HAPPENINGS THAN MEETS THE EYE!

NO ONE KNOWS THAT JIM JORDAN HAS NOT DIED FROM A GANGSTER'S GUN...



THE MAN WHO NURSED ME BACK FROM DEATH EQUIPPED ME WITH WEAPONS TO FIGHT CRIME... SO ADVANCED, SO POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS IN THE WRONG HANDS... THAT IT IS BETTER THE WORLD BELIEVES THAT THESE ARE THE POWERS OF A GHOST... OF A SPECTRE!

TONIGHT I MUST USE THESE POWERS!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, ATOP AN ADJACENT BUILDING TO THE BLAZING SKYSCRAPER...



KEEP BACK! THIS BUILDING MUST PERISH... AND I WHO CREATED IT MUST PERISH WITH IT!

HUGH BARTLETT, ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT ARCHITECTS OF OUR TIME IS A SANE AND RESPONSIBLE ARTIST. WHAT HAS CAUSED HIM TO DO THIS IS SOMETHING THAT CAN ONLY BE UNDERSTOOD IF HIS LIVES... IF HE LIVES!

FROM THE SPECTRE'S PISTOL AN ALMOST INVISIBLE GUN CONSIDERED AROUND THE RADIO MUST ON THE DOOMED SKYSCRAPER... THEN



LOOK! LOOK UP THERE!  
IT'S THE SPECTRE!

GUN-FLAME LASHES AT THE APPROACHING FIGURE...



GET BACK! STAY AWAY FROM ME!

THE LIGHTWEIGHT BULLET-PROOF ARMOUR I WEAR BENEATH MY CLOTHES PROTECTS ME FROM HIS GUN! BUT THE CROWD BELOW THINK IT IS BECAUSE I AM A GHOST! ...A SPECTRE!

THERE IS NOTHING GHOST-LIKE ABOUT THE FIST THAT THUGS AGAINST THE DEMENTED ARCHITECT'S JAW...



BETTER BY FAR THIS, THAN THE FLAMES YOU SEEM WILLING TO CONSIGN YOURSELF TO!

UUUGH!

THEN...



THIS ROPE, SO STRONG, YET SO LIGHT I CAN CARRY IT COILED IN MY POCKET, ENABLING ME TO LOWER YOU TO SAFETY!

HE'S SAVED HIM! THE SPECTRE HAS SAVED HIM!

BUT ONLY SECONDS AFTER THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN HAS BEEN DRAGGED CLEAR...



THE WHOLE BUILDING!... IT'S COLLAPSING!

AND THE SPECTRE IS STILL UP THERE... ON THE ROOF!

THE TOPPLING BUILDING CARRIES THE SPECTRE TO HIS DOOM... OR DOES IT? FIND OUT IN NEXT WEEK'S SPECTRE-ANGULAR ISSUE!

# SAMMY SHRINK

